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Lucy Staunton's Courage

'How late father is coming home this evening. It is nearly an hour past his usual time of returning. What can be the matter?' remarked Mrs. Staunton to her daughter.

'Nothing is wrong, we hope, mother,' replied Lucy.

But a few moments later, as the girl stood watching in the porch, her cheeks turned pale as she saw some men coming towards the house, bearing what seemed to be a heavy burden, the truth flashed into the girl's mind —her father had met with an accident. And it proved only too true. All through the long night, and for many nights and days, there seemed little hope of William Staunton recovering.

After some weeks he began slowly to get better, but the doctor gave no hope of his ever being able to work again.

It required all Lucy's courage to be bright and cheerful in her father's sick-room, and to speak words of comfort to her mother, when her young heart was full of anxious care.

She had lately finished learning the dressmaking trade, and had always looked forward to start a business in the neighboring town of Taunton, but now she felt her duty was to stay with her parents and help them.

The little plate had not long been on the door telling that dressmaking was done at Rose Cottage, before customers arrived. It being springtime, it proved an excellent opportunity for making a start, as the fine, bright days made the old winter dresses look shabby, and new ones were wanted.

It was sometimes past twelve o'clock before Lucy had finished her day's work, and at busy times she was at work again by five o'clock in the morning. She was young and strong, and when her father would say,

'Lucy, girl, you will wear yourself out by working so hard,' she would answer smiling that work did her good.

As time went by the little home was able to be kept together by Lucy's brave courage in facing difficulties, and her industry.—G. B., in 'Friendly Greetings.'

Forgiven—Then Crowned

THE STORY OF A DESERTER.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Recorder.')

About the year 1750 there lived in Hanover a teacher of music, who struggled to find a living for himself and his family of ten children. Of these, one was a lad named William, a sharp, bright boy, clever at figures and skilful at music, who when only fourteen years of age was able to take his place in the royal band. He found it was all very well to be a soldier as long as it meant being dressed in a smart uniform and helping to make fine music which the citizens came out on a summer's evening to hear and to applaud. But there came a day when war was declared by the French against the English, and as our George the Third was also King of Hanover the enemy marched against that country. Then it was too much, the whistling bullets, the boom of cannon, the killed and wounded to right and left of him, the towns on fire, the terrified people homeless and starving. All this was very different from the fine music of the band. At the close of a day's battle the poor lad lay almost dead with hunger and cold, and spent the night in a ditch. He had had fighting enough for a lifetime. So he deserted from the army, but as it was unsafe for him to remain in his own country his friends managed to send him to England. He was nineteen years old when he reached our country, a stranger in a strange land. He managed to find his way to Bath, and after many discouragements was appointed organist of the Octagon Chapel. Gradually he became famous as a musician, and in addition to his pupils conducted concerts and oratorios which added to his fame. His studies as a musician in the theory of music gave him a love of mathematics, which in turn led to his studying astronomy. He had no appliances beyond the use of a little telescope which he borrowed from a friend.

Telescopes in those days were costly things far beyond the reach of his purse. But he was not to be daunted, and busy though he was resolved to find time to make a telescope. It was really a tremendous undertaking. A metal mirror had to be made, a mixture of copper and tin which when combined in certain quantities produced a substance so brittle that the least degree of haste in preparing it or carelessness in dealing with it would shatter it instantly. It had then to be ground and polished with such precision that the slightest irregularity or flaw would render it useless. At length, however, it was completed.

Then came indeed an exceeding great reward of his patient toil. From ages reaching back to the farthest distance the astronomers had recognized five well-known planets whose very names implied their age and origin—Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mercury and Mars. Hundreds of years had failed to add to the number. But this musician eagerly watching found far away on the very outskirts of our solar system a star which arrested his attention. It seemed to move, and yet could it be that he so soon had found what the watchers of the ages had failed to discern? Another planet! With trembling eagerness he left his studies as musician night after night to watch this star through his telescope until the fact was established beyond all doubt. Then he ventured to proclaim his discovery. The world of science was stirred beyond measure. The name of Herschell and the story of what he had done filled the papers both of this country and of the Continent. Great men began to communicate with him until his fame as an astronomer stood higher than that of any living man.

The King sent for him to Windsor. Thither with his faithful sister Caroline, who used to sit recording his observations on nights sometimes so cold that the pen froze in the ink, Herschell journeyed, taking his telescope with him. He was received in state and ushered into the royal apartments.

But one thing he had forgotten. The famous musician, the still more famous astronomer, whose fame was on all lips, 'was a deserter from the King's army.' How could the King receive him? How could the King treat him? No discovery that Herschell could make in the Heaven above or in the earth beneath, no splendid achievement could undo that fact of desertion or remove the penalty that it involved.

As the King rose to receive the astronomer before saying a word about his discovery he put into his hand a paper. Herschell opened it wondering, and read it. There in the King's own handwriting was his pardon as a deserter from the army. Then, but not till

then, the King could receive him as the astronomer. That pardon written by the King's own hand and sealed by the King's own seal must come first and clear the way. Then, but not till then, could the King hear the story of the astronomer's discovery, and how that he proposed to honor the King by naming it after him—Georgium Sidus.

Forgiven first—then the King could bestow the marks of royal favor. He is appointed Astronomer Royal, is to come and live near the King's own palace, and there is an order given that a telescope be made for his service larger than any that was then in the world. Then the King can complete the honor, and make the astronomer Sir William Herschell. Forgiven—then crowned.

So it ever must be. And such is the gift that waits for us when we come to our God. He forgiveth all thine iniquity, then he crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

Meeting People Halfway

A company of summer campers sat together under the trees on Sunday as the sun was setting and sang songs and hymns. Under the influences of the quiet woods and the gathering twilight some thoughtful words were spoken revealing inner experiences and aspirations. Then one young woman, who was a stranger to most of the company, said she had resolved to live for Christ and that she took that occasion to avow her purpose for the first time. Her statement was unexpected, for the gathering was informal and it was not a revival meeting; but it was in harmony with the spirit that had been awakened and it left an agreeable impression.

A gentleman present sought the young woman after the meeting dispersed and advised her to tell her decision to the pastor of the church she attended, on her return home, and to enter into fellowship with the church. To his surprise she flatly refused. She told him that she knew hardly anyone in the church, that she was a working girl whom the people would not welcome into their society, that they were cold and indifferent and that the pastor had never shown any interest in her. The gentleman wrote a note to the pastor, mentioning the incident and commending the girl to his attention and the matter passed from his mind.

Several months later the young woman called at his office. She told him she had a Sunday-school class of young ladies, all of whom wanted to be Christians, and that as he had helped her at a critical time, she had ventured to ask his counsel how to guide those in her charge. She was animated and earnest, and her eyes kindled as she spoke of her interest in others, in marked contrast to the reserve and indifference she had shown in that first interview. 'Why,' said he, 'you told me the people in the church looked down on you because you were a working girl, and that you could not feel at home with them.'

'Oh,' she replied, 'that was because I did not know them. When I came back home last summer, I found some of the people welcomed me. I went into the Christian Endeavor Society, and now I'm an officer in it. When I came to get acquainted with the people I found them delightful. I can't tell you how kind they are to me, nor how I enjoy working with them for the church. All my Sunday-school class love me and they will all come into the church, I am sure. I want to show them how to work for Christ and I want to do more for him myself.'

The lonely, disheartened, suspicious girl of the summer had become in the winter a winsome, loving and generous servant of others, feeling herself rich in associations and friendships which she had formerly regarded as either beyond her reach or as worthless. A new light was in her face, an exuberant tone in her voice, created by a new interest in humanity. It was evident, too, that the church had been blessed by her coming into it. Not long afterwards her friend heard that she was soon to have a home of her own.—'Congregationalist.'

A Pilgrim's Prayer

(C. Maud Battersby, in the 'Christian.')

'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?'

'Let him trust in the Name of the Lord, and stay upon his God' (Isaiah l., 10).

Lord, I am wandering—lead me.
Lord, I am hungering—feed me.
Far from my Home—direct me.
Fearful and faint—protect me.

(Ps. lxxiii., 24.)
Lord, I have none beside Thee,
Into the safe path guide me;
Give me Thy strength in weakness,
Give me Thy power—with meekness.

(Isa. xxxii., 2.)
Tempest and dark surround me,
But Thou hast loved and found me;
Onwards I press, not knowing
Whither my steps are going.

(Ps. xxxviii., xvi., 11.)
Lord, is there joy before me?
(Deeply the sharp thorn tore me),
Fiercely the rain-drops beat me,
Cold are the eyes that meet me.

(Isa. xli., 10.)
Still—let me know Thee near me,
This shall suffice to cheer me;
Darkness and death appal not,
Held by Thy hand I fall not.

(Phil. iii., 13, 14.)
Hush Thou my feeble fretting,
Thus, the sad past forgetting;
Peace to my heart is stealing,
Thou the Unseen revealing.

(I. Cor. xv., 57, 25.)
Yea, let me love Thee dearest,
Yea, let me feel Thee nearest;
Come, for my heart is failing,
Love over loss prevailing.

A Christian Teacher on the Frontier.

The Rev. Bruce Kinney, general missionary in Utah, relates this anecdote:

Along the only line of railway which traverses a certain portion of our great Northwest, there is a stretch of 321 miles in which there is only one town in which religious services of any kind are regularly held. In that one town a young girl was converted and united with our church. She soon went to one of the other towns to teach school. Appalled at the spiritual desolation, she organized a Sunday-school and was the superintendent. There are only two professing Christians in the town, herself and another woman. This town is situated in the centre of a great stock-growing region. Crowds of cowboys often come into town, fill themselves with bad whiskey and on their departure 'shoot up the town.' In one of these saloon brawls a cowboy was shot to death. One of his rough compaions knew of a praying father and mother back East and sought Christian burial for his boyhood chum. He sent for the nearest 'sky pilot' many miles away. His message found this 'gospel slinger' too ill to come. There was no time to send for another. What shall be done? There was not a man in town who could say a prayer. Their thoughts turned to the little teacher.

They asked her and told her they wanted to give the man better burial than they would a coyote. Though almost crushed by the thought of such an untried task, she consented. With a resolute faith which would have done credit to the martyrs of old, she stood beside the rough pine box and told those cowboys, saloon men and gamblers the old, old story of the Cross and him who died for them. They stood with bare heads—sober for once—and many a tear ran down cheeks which were not ashamed as they thought once more of father, mother, home and God.

Is it any wonder that when the little school 'marm' left a testimonial to her valuable work was signed by every saloonkeeper, gambler and cowboy within reach?—'Standard.'

What the Postmaster did not Know.

Recently the assistant postal officer at Hankow, China, was talking with his superior. The latter, a Scotchman, was expressing himself on the subject of Chinese Christians. He spoke as foreign officials, tourists, and others, who know little about the subject, generally do. 'The minute you tell me a Chinaman is a Christian,' said he, 'I want nothing more to do with him. He is no good.'

The assistant postal officer happened to be not only a Christian, but also well acquainted with the facts. So, he asked the postmaster a question. 'What do you think of Mr. Liu?'

'He is a good man,' said the postmaster, 'a very capable man. We could not do without him.

'Well,' said the assistant, 'he is a Christian.'

'H'm!' was the postmaster's only comment.

'What do you think of Yang?'

'Thomas Yang, in the registry department?'

'Yes.'

'He is good. We have just promoted him to entire charge there.'

'He is another,' said the assistant. 'What do you think of Tsang?'

'You mean John Tsang, that big fellow in the registry department?'

'Yes.'

'He is a first-rate fellow, very trustworthy.

'He is another Christian.'

'Oh!' said the postmaster.

'What about Joseph Tsai, at Han Yang?'

'Well, we have given him entire charge of that office,' said the postmaster.'

'He is another Christian.'

'Indeed,' said the postmaster.

'How about Tsen?'

'You mean the man we have just sent to Hunan, to take charge of the new office at Hsiang-t'an? There is nothing the matter with him.'

'Well, he is a Christian.'

'Oh, keep still!' said the postmaster. 'That will do!'

The facts are even better than this incident indicates. Of eight Chinese employees in the Hankow office, four are Christians, and these four are the ones who have steadily earned promotion, and now occupy the highest positions. They are the best men in the office.—'Lookout.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Winning of the Fogartys.

(Caroline K. Herrick, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Would not you enjoy studying the lessons at home, although you cannot attend Sunday-school?' asked the Home-department visitor.

'I ain't got time,' replied Mrs. Witcher. 'I have to work day in and day out.'

'All you have to promise is to study half an hour a week. You might divide that into portions of five minutes a day, if you prefer. Don't you think you could do that much?'

'No, I haven't time to do any more than I'm [illegible] now,' replied the overworked washerwoman.

'Wouldn't you like to try it, mother? I'd read the lesson to you,' said the lame girl who sat all day in her chair by the window.

'No, Rhody; I can't do it, I tell you. I haven't the time,' her mother persisted.

'Would not you like to be a member of the Home Department?' asked the lady, turning to the young invalid.

'Oh, might I?' exclaimed Rhoda, with shining eyes. 'It would be almost like going to Sunday-school!'

Thus lame Rhoda was enrolled as a member of the Home Department and received a lesson help. 'I'll read it to mother, anyway,' she said; 'perhaps she'll remember some.'

But this part of her plan proved a disappointment. If she tried to read a verse while her mother cleared away the breakfast things, before going to her work, Mrs. Witcher was sure to think of something that must be said at once about the dinner, or would go out of the room right in the middle of the verse. At night it was no better. When the supper dishes were put away Mrs. Witcher folded her busy hands, having no mending to do, since Rhoda filled her solitary hours with that work, and before the daughter had read two verses of the lesson, the tired mother was nodding in her chair.

Even on Sundays her mother seemed always too busy or too sleepy to listen, and Rhoda had to give up the attempt to interest her in the study that was daily becoming more absorbing to herself.

The Fogartys lived upstairs. All day long on Sundays four pairs of heavy young feet were pounding overhead or clattering up and down the stairs.

'I wish some one would persuade those Fogarty children to go to Sunday-school,' said Mrs. Witcher one warm Sunday afternoon when the door stood open to the stairway, for the sake of coolness. Mrs. Witcher's remark was prompted less by a desire for the betterment of the Fogartys than by the longing for an hour of the quiet that was rarer on Sundays than on other days of the week.

'Perhaps they would go if they were asked,' said Rhoda, who called the whole noisy tribe in the next time they passed the open door. There were the elder boy and girl, known respectively as Dolly and Robby, names that were somewhat misleading as to the sex of their bearers since 'Dolly' was short for Adolphus and 'Robby' for Roberta. Then there were the twins Andrew and Amanda, familiarly known as 'Andy' and 'Mandy.' Rhoda suggested that they would like to go to Sunday-school. Mandy was the first to speak:—

'I'll go, if Robby will.'

'I can't go,' said Robby. 'I ain't got no good clothes.'

'I won't go, 'less Dolly does,' said Andy, always ambitious of imitating the elder brother, who had arrived at the dignity and the experience of eleven years.

'Naw; I won't go,' protested Dolly, surlily. 'They'd make me set wid kids.' Dolly had once been induced to go to Sunday-school and —being graded according to his acquirements —had been placed in a class with boys two years younger than he. His classmates had never seen him again.

'I'd be glad enough to sit anywhere, if I could only get there,' said Rhoda. 'I used to go when I was little—before I hurt my back; and wasn't it lovely!' The picture had now grown all the brighter in her memory because the intervening years had brought her so little variety or enjoyment. 'The singing is so beautiful,' she went on, and there were pictures of the things we studied about. Sometimes the pictures were made up on a blackboard. There wasn't much on the blackboard when the teacher began, but she put things on as she [illegible] them in the story'—

'How'd she put 'em on?' interrupted Robby.

'Stuck 'em [illegible] with pins,' replied Rhoda. 'She'd say, "What do I want to put in the picture next?" and we'd say, "A man," or "A horse," or'—

'Did you ever call fer elephants?' inquired Andy, who had lately seen a circus parade.

'We never had elephants, but we had camels sometimes,' said Rhoda.

'I'd ha' hollered for camels, every time,' said Dolly, attracted by this novel feature of Sunday-school work.

'You couldn't have 'em in the picture if they weren't in the story,' Rhoda explained. 'You had to know the story before you could tell what to put in the picture.'

Andy's enthusiasm was somewhat cooled by this information, but on the whole Sunday-school had gained interest in his eyes and he wanted to hear more about it.

'Perhaps I can show you, instead of just telling you,' said Rhoda. 'Would you like me to have Sunday-school for you next Sunday afternoon?'

Mandy looked doubtfully at Robby, and Andy studied the face of his elder brother; both wished very much to accept the invitation, but dared not act independently of their leaders. Dolly plunged his hands deep in his pocket, looked out of the window, whistled, then said:—

'If it would be fun fer you, I don't care if we do.'

So Rhoda's Sunday-school was started. It would have shocked a graduate of a normal class, but it was full of interest to the young teacher and far from profitless to her pupils. With the text of the lesson and explanatory notes in her lesson help and the treasured memories of her Sunday-school experiences of five years ago, Rhoda managed not merely to fix the attention of her ill-assorted class, but to familiarize them with many of the stories of the Old and New Testaments. She taught them the Lord's Prayer—kept fresh in her memory by daily repetition, and fragments of hymns that she had been used to sing over and over to herself during her long, lonely days. There was not much system in it, but it bore practical results. She was, at least, giving pleasure and keeping the Fogartys quiet and greatly enjoying the consciousness of being helpful.

One Sunday, as her class assembled, Rhoda was impressed with a certain air of mystery in the glances they exchanged, and observed that their attention was not fixed as usual, upon her, but that the younger three looked at Dolly, with significant smiles and nods of encouragement. Her heart sank with a fear that, weary of long-sustained good behavior, they were planning mischief. What should she do with them if they became unruly? She waited anxiously for Dolly to speak, which, after much fidgeting, he did.

'Say, Rhody, we thinks you're awful good to us,' the twins nodded emphatic assent, 'an' it's only the square thing fer we to do suthin' fer you. Give an' take, ye know. So—we've been a-thinkin'—that'—he broke off suddenly, carried off his feet by the stream of his own oratory. 'Could ye git downstairs?' he asked.

'We want to take ye fer a ride, Rhody,' Robby explained.

'In Dolly's express waggon,' cried the twins in chorus.

''Twould be all right, if ye could once git downstairs,' Dolly went on. 'I'd set a chair in the waggon and back it up alongside the front steps, an' ye could jest slide off'n the steps onto the chair. Robby's tried it.'

'But the getting downstairs,' said Rhoda

'Couldn't ye sit downstairs, this way,' suggested Robby. Running upstairs, she worked her way down, sliding from step to step with a vigor that made Rhoda feel as if her breath was being jolted out by the rapid bumps. The method seemed feasible, though susceptible of improvement in the manner of its execution.

'I believe I could do that,' she answered, hopefully.

'Then we'll take ye,' said Dolly. 'When will ye go?'

Saturday was the time decided upon, and all through the week Rhoda thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. To breathe the outer air! To see the next street! She who had not crossed the threshold in five years!

On Thursday the Home Department visitor called.

'Next Sunday is our graduating Sunday,' she said. 'The Home Department members are invited to all those special services. I'm so sorry you cannot come to this. You would enjoy it.'

For a long time after her visitor had gone Rhoda sat thinking. Rousing herself at last, she said:—

'Perhaps I might succeed. At any rate, I will try.'

Saturday morning proved to be as fine a morning as could be desired. Rhoda—who had practiced 'sitting downstairs,' made the descent to the front door without accident, slid into the chair that Dolly had placed in the waggon, and, drawn by Dolly and Robby and escorted in the rear by the twins, traversed the too-familiar block and turned the corner into the unknown world of the next street.

'Where would ye like to go, Rhody?' Dolly asked.

'Could you pull me as far as the church corner?' she asked, anxiously.

'Sure. That isn't any ways,' said Robby. 'If it's a little hard on the hill, the twins can push behind!'

'How nice it all is!' she exclaimed, when they had reached the church corner. 'Oh, how the vines have grown! And that's the window I used to love to look at, with the picture of Elijah and the ravens.'

'Where's the ravens?' demanded Andy. 'I can't see 'em.'

'No you can't see them unless you're inside the church,' said Rhoda. 'You can't tell what a lovely picture it is until you see it with

the light shining through it. All the windows are beautiful. They're just like a garden with beds of flowers of all sorts of colors.

'Couldn't we get inside to look at 'em,' asked Dolly.

'No,' said Rhoda, 'you can't get in except on Sunday. Then the organ plays. My, isn't that lovely!'

'I wisht I could hear it,' said Robby wistfully.

'To-morrow,' Rhoda went on, 'they're going to have the graduation exercises'—

'Do they do 'em with dumb-bells?' Andy interrupted to ask.

'No; there aren't any exercises like that,' replied Rhoda, watching with much satisfaction the impression her description was making upon her audience. 'Some of the children stand up on the platfrom and tell everything they know, right before the school and lots of big people. The girls all wear nice white dresses.' Mandy sighed appreciatively. 'Then all the children sing while the organ plays; and they get papers telling what they know; and then they are moved up into a higher class. It's just lovely! And they're going to do it all to-morrow, and I shan't see it!'

Rhoda wondered whether she had been selfish in her stratagem. She was certainly trying to get something for herself; but her strongest motive for wishing to have it herself was in order that these children might share it. Her plan was founded on her generous belief in them, and her hope that the thing they had refused to do for their own benefit, they might be induced to do for the sake of giving her pleasure. Her hope was well-founded. The warm-hearted young Fogartys fell headlong into the trap she had laid for them.

'Say, Rhoda,' said Dolly, after a moment's whispered consultation with Robby, 'would yer be too tired to take another ride to-morrow? We kin haul yer up to the Sunday-school show.'

'But you would need to stay and bring me home,' said Rhoda.

'What's that! We wouldn't care. We'd come in an' see the show, too.'

Rhoda was very tired when the Fogartys left her in her little chair by the window, but she was also very happy.

'It's worth getting tired for,' she thought, 'and if they come once, I do believe they'll come often.'

When she had told mother of the delightful plan for the morrow she added:—

'Won't you get out my best hat now, mother? I want to see if it is all right.' It was still her 'best hat' to her, though for five years it had lain in the trunk under her mother's bed.

Mrs. Witcher drew it from its hiding place and put it in her hands. The shape was that of a past fashion; but Rhoda had not marked the changes of fashion. The ribbon was rather faded and the gay gilt ornaments sadly tarnished; but it was otherwise in good condition and to Rhoda it still represented, as it had done in her childhood, the satisfaction of Sunday clothes and the pleasure of going to Sunday-school. She laid it down with a sigh of relief.

'I'm so glad,' she said, 'that it's all right! I was afraid the mice might have nibbled it, or something might have happened to it.'

Morning proved disappointingly cloudy, and before it was time to start, the rain was beginning to fall. Would the Fogartys be willing to go?

'Will ye be scairt to go in the rain?' asked Dolly at the door.

'Not a bit; if you don't mind,' she replied. 'I'll take mother's umbrella.'

Her mother carried her downstairs and placed her in the chair, which Mandy held steady, while Andy spread the umbrella over their heads. Dolly and Robby grasped the pole and the procession moved off. All went well until Andy halted suddenly, with the intention of kicking a boy who had shouted:

'Hi! Ketch on to de circus perrade, will yer.'

On second thought Andy withheld the kick, but the halt had jerked the umbrella backward, flattening Mandy's hat over her nose and leaving Rhoda's head exposed to the pattering rain.

'Oh, you, Andy Fogarty; ain't you awful!' cried the indignant Mandy, straightening her damaged headgear. 'You're letting Rhody's best hat git all wet.'

'Let me take the umbrella,' said Rhoda; 'I can hold it over our three heads, and Andy can push, when we come to the hill.' This arrangement averted further mishap, and the party arrived at the church safely and in good spirits.

Under the porch stood a group of the older boys, who stepped aside to make room for the queer equipage to draw up before the door. As Dolly dropped the end of the pole, he looked with dismay into Robby's face and said:

'How are we ever a-goin' ter git her in there?'

The question was soon answered for them. With Rhoda's first feeble attempt to get out of the waggon, the boys standing near took in the situation.

'Make a chair, Joe,' said Bert Winchell, and the two locked hands and stooped while Rhoda laid a hand on each strong shoulder and they lifted her through the doorway.

'Shall we carry you into the Intermediate Department?' they asked. She was no heavier than a child of ten.

'I'm older than I look,' she answered with gentle dignity. 'I'm seventeen.'

So they carried her to the young ladies' Bible class, where Marion Rogers helped to place her comfortably, and turned away with her merry eyes full of tears. Meanwhile the waggon was stored away, the Fogartys welcomed by the ushers and distributed according to sizes, and the service began. To Rhoda it was the realization of a happy dream; to the Fogartys it opened undreamed-of possibilities.

As the crowd dispersed, the Fogarty group gathered at the door, waiting for Rhoda to appear. Dolly, recalling the honor roll for attendance, remarked to Robby:—

'They'd give a feller credit fer what he does, even if he didn't know much. I don't know all the things those kids know; but I could come reg'lar.'

'I could pass that box jest as well as the feller that did it,' chimed in Andy.

'Ye'll have a chance to try,' said Dolly significantly.

'I wanter come, I tell yer,' explained Andy.

'Yer'd better wanter; fer ye're comin',' said the autocrat of the Fogarty family. 'Ye're goin' ter help haul Rhody every Sunday.

But there were better things in store for Rhoda. As soon as school was dismissed, Bert Winchell drew the older boys aside.

'How many of you fellows are earning money?' he asked.

'I am,' and, 'I am,' replied one and another. 'What do you want of our money, Bert?'

'I want to get something comfortable for that poor little girl to come to Sunday-school in. We ought to be able to do it by knocking off a few of the things we don't really need. We'll have to start at once, if we don't want the girls to get ahead of us; for I saw Marion Rogers crying over her; and you all know, as well as I do, that when Marion gets as far as tears she doesn't stop there. She'll do something, and do it right off. Hurry up, fellows! What will you give? Here she comes this minute, with a pencil and paper!'

'I'm so glad to find you all together, boys,' said Marion, 'for we want you to help us to do something that ought to be done quickly.

'That's queer,' spoke up Bert. 'We were just thinking of asking you to help us to do something. We want to buy a wheeled chair for that poor little lame girl.'

'Exactly what we want to do,' cried Marion in surprise.

'And we want to get it before next Sunday?' said Bert.

'Then we must appoint a purchasing committee at once,' said prompt Marion.

The committee was appointed, the money subscribed, the chair bought, and Rhoda never came to Sunday-school in the express waggon again. But the Fogartys, having been won through their own kindliness, were held through their sense of responsibility, and were made regular attendants at Sunday-school by being allowed to push the wheeled chair up the hill every Sunday

Gratitude of Samoans to R. L. Stevenson.

A very delightful book for lovers of Stevenson is 'Memories of Vailima,' by his stepson and stepdaughter. More valuable even than the literary interest of these glimpses of the great writer in his far-away Samoan paradise are the lights thrown on his relation with the natives. As Mr. Lloyd Osbourne says: 'He would have been loved and followed anywhere, but how much more in poor, mis-governed, distracted Samoa, so remote, so inarticulate; for he was one of the great-hearts of this world, in pen and deed, and many were those he helped.' It is not surprising that by most of the official class he was looked on as a 'bête noir,' that 'they attempted to deport him from the island, to close his mouth by regulation, to post spies about his house, and involve him in the illicit importation of arms and ammunition.' Nor is it surprising, on the other hand, that the natives came to love him as a father. Mrs. Strong tells in a few pregnant sentences the famous incident of the eight chiefs, liberated from prison by the efforts of Stevenson, who came to Vailima to explain that in proof of their gratitude they intended to make a road sixty feet wide connecting the house with the highway of the island. They overruled all objections, and when Stevenson asked that they should call it 'the road of the grateful hearts,' they said, 'No; it shall be called "the road of the loving heart"' (Ala Loto Alofa). And so it was, and is to this day.—'The Christian Herald.'

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The S. P. C. M.

(Amelia H. Botsford, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The girls were comfortably established in one of their favorite meeting places, the wide porch of Laura Thompson's home. Isabel Gooding sat in a porch chair in the midst of blue ruffles she was basting on a dainty skirt. Minnie Lee and Laura Thompson had embroidery and Anna Scott held a book. Suddenly she laid it down and remarked:

'Girls, I have a thought. Do stop chattering and listen. You know the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been very active in this town lately. I think it is very useful, but I want to start another society which is as much needed. Let's organize a S. P. C. M.'

'S. P. C. M.?' queried the girls in a bewildered chorus. 'What can that be?'

'I should think you could guess it from the initials,' returned Anna.

'S. P. C. are plain enough. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to something, I suppose. I don't see what the M. stands for unless it is Me. It is too warm to guess riddles. Tell us right out, Anna, dear.'

'If it is warm on this shady porch, I wonder what it is in a kitchen,' said Anna. 'I left my mother canning berries over a coal fire. To be sure, I worked all the morning, and she said I might come, but my conscience isn't clear that I am doing right to enjoy myself while she is still over the hot stove. Isn't your mother at the sewing-machine, Isabel?'

'Yes,' returned Isabel, remorsefully. 'Of course, she is stitching on this dress.'

'It is no wonder Mrs. Gooding is always sewing,' remarked Laura. 'Six children and an orphan niece! I don't see how she ever keeps them all dressed so nicely. But my mother is resting in her room, and you need not try to harrow up my feelings on her account.'

'I know,' returned Anna, 'that your mother, Laura, can take life easier than many women do. Money means comfort and leisure. When it is scarce it is the mothers who do the drudgery that comes from its absence. I am afraid the mothers are imposed on. I really think a society to prevent cruelty to them would find plenty to do right here in Spencerport. I move we organize.'

'But what would you do?' queried Minnie. 'Arrest every girl found on a porch or in a hammock while her mother was in the kitchen? Or would you enter a complaint against a daughter if her mother has backache from housework or dark circles under her eyes from sewing late at night?'

'Don't make fun of my plan, girls,' remonstrated Anna. 'I think we might do more to make life easy for our mothers. As Laura has no field of labor at home, she might help some other girl's mother.'

'I know my mother is overworked,' confessed Isabel. 'She is ambitious to have her girls look well, and with father's small salary it would not be possible if mamma was not a perfect genius with the needle. I want to help her, and if Anna's society will make it easier I'll gladly join.'

'Let's see what we can do,' chimed in Minnie. 'Having a society will make it some fun. I second Anna's motion.'

'It is moved and seconded,' said Anna, rising, 'that we organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers. Those in favor will manifest it by the usual sign.'

A unanimous wave of handkerchiefs responded.

'The motion is carried. Now, do we want a president and secretary?'

'I don't think it is necessary,' returned Minnie, 'and it's so formal.'

'If the rest of you agree, let's just resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, and report at our next meeting.'

'Come over to my house on Wednesday,' said Minnie, rising and putting on her hat.

'Why, you are not going now,' remonstrated the other girls. 'It is early yet, and no one will expect you back till after supper.'

'I am going home to see what that mother of mine is doing,' returned Minnie, firmly. 'She may be resting, but I am not sure of it, and my first duty is to see that she is not suffering some cruelty.'

Minnie's sudden move broke up the gathering. Isabel folded her work and started also. Anna chatted a few moments longer and then she, too, slipped away.

On reaching home she went into the kitchen. A long row of bottles filled with fruit showed how Mrs. Scott had passed the afternoon. Anna passed through the sitting-room, but her mother was not there. She found her on the bed in her own room.

'Why, Anna, is it you?' said her mother, looking up at the sound of a footstep. 'I did not expect you yet. The hot kitchen made my head ache so I could not do the mending until I rested a little.'

'Lie still,' returned Anna, 'and perhaps the headache will pass off. I have the mending basket. Don't get up till I call you to supper.'

Isabel hurried Minnie as they walked on together. 'I am sure,' she said, in excuse, 'that mother must be waiting for these ruffles. I know she does too much, but I do not like to sew, and what I do doesn't look right. It seems as if I would be more bother than help in that direction. See how can I lift her burden? Do you see, Minnie?'

'You might lessen the number of your own gowns,' replied plain-spoken Minnie. 'Don't you know you have more dresses in a year than even Laura? Her clothes are more expensive, of course, but she has fewer and they would not require half the stitches. If you only had two or three dresses in a season and your little sisters followed the example it would lessen the sewing, wouldn't it?'

'But, Minnie,' expostulated Isabel, 'my dresses are old ones made over, and they do not last long. I have to have more than the rest of the girls. I really do not think I can help mamma's being burdened with dressmaking.'

Isabel hurried into the house and went at once to the sewing-room where Mrs. Gooding bent over the machine.

'Oh, Isabel, is that you?' Have you the ruffles ready?'

'Yes, and I can stitch them on, I think, if you will trust me with them.'

'I will be glad to have you do it. There are a good many little things you can help about. I am sure you sew neatly, Isabel, and you might be a great help if you would not allow yourself to hate the work so.'

Isabel sighed. She began to perceive that the path of duty stretched before her, thick set with needle-points. But she stitched on and on, and as she grew tired of the whirr of the machine and the ache of her unaccustomed muscles she thought of days when her mother had sat for hours at the machine to finish some dress on which her daughter had set her heart for a particular occasion, and several resolves formed in her mind. One was that she would never again set a time at which she must have a certain garment. No, if there were a picnic or party in prospect, she would wear her old gown rather than let her mother work late into the night that the vanity of her daughter might be gratified.

Another was that she would follow Minnie's suggestion and limit her wardrobe. When a different gown could be procured by making something over she had felt justified in having it. She had not realized that the expenditure of her mother's health and strength was of more consequence than money.

Minnie's home was but a few blocks beyond Isabel's. She found her mother tending the baby, who, in baby fashion, had chosen the summer to cut teeth, or rather to have teeth cut him. Mrs. Lee looked as if she had not slept for several nights.

'Mother,' said Minnie, 'I believe the baby would be better off out-doors. There is a nice breeze, and he would enjoy a ride. Perhaps he will go to sleep, and if you lie down while we are gone you may get a nap, too.'

'It will be a great relief to have you take baby,' sighed Mrs. Lee. 'I am worn out for the loss of sleep. I am sure I could go to sleep standing up if I had the chance.'

In a few minutes baby was being wheeled slowly along a pleasant shady street, and in the fresh air he forgot his aches, while his mother still more speedily lost hers in a profound sleep.

'I believe I am serving in a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, too,' thought Minnie, as she saw with satisfaction the look of pain vanish from the wan little face. 'And when I take baby home I will get supper and let mamma finish her nap. I do not see why I could not have the baby with me for one night. I think I could care for him, though I suppose I would have to be up a good deal. It would do mamma a world of good to sleep through a night without waking. I suppose she hasn't done it for weeks.'

After her friends had gone Laura lounged in the hammock a while, but Anna's idea disturbed her. She went into the house. Her mother had come downstairs looking fresh and bright.

'Why, Laura, are the girls gone so soon?' she asked in surprise.

'Yes, mamma,' she answered, and then suddenly asked: 'Are you and papa going to drive out this evening?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Thompson. 'He will not be back till late.'

'Then can I have the carriage and take someone for a drive?'

'There is nothing to prevent,' said her mother. 'The evening will be cool and pleasant and I'll order the carriage early for you.'

'Thank you, mother,' returned Laura.

When the carriage came she gave the coachman unexpected directions. He was to drive out Brown street and stop at Mrs. Clinton's. It was a new thing for her to call there, as she only knew her slightly. The two families attended the same church. Mrs. Clinton had four young children, the eldest not yet eight. A blessed inspiration had come to Laura to take the busy mother out in the evening while the father was home and could care for the children.

When she explained her errand she was surprised at the flush of pleasure and eagerness on the mother's face. The father was gratified, too, and quite willing to mind the babies. The hastiest of toilets and then the rest and refreshment of the drive in the cool moonlight.

'You can't imagine what this has done for me,' said the grateful mother when she alighted at her own gate. 'I do get so tired, and sometimes almost go crazy with the care of the children. They are not bad children,

but full of mischief and so restless. I sometimes feel as if I could not stand it another minute. There's times I wish I were dead, so as to get a moment's peace.'

The report of the commitee of the S. P. C. M. at the next meeting was quite enthusiastic. The work was continued, and strict secrecy maintained. The mothers could not understand why their daughters had so suddenly grown loving and thoughtful and ready to put their strong young shoulders under the home burdens. Other girls were added to the ranks and the mothers in other homes began to find life again worth living, and that instead of merging their lives in their children's there were individual pleasures left them. They had prettier gowns; they dressed their hair in the prevailing styles, they sat on the porches on summer evenings, and some were even detected lounging in a hammock with a new book.

When the S. P. C. M. heard that the fashionable Mrs. Douglas called Spencerport the town of handsome mothers and devoted daughters, it felt that its mission was indeed a success.

An Old-fashioned Mother.

(Florence A. Jones, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

'I don't care—I think it is a shame: I can never do anything that other girls do,' and Helen Gray threw herself down on the little white bed in her own room, her face buried in the soft cool pillows.

Such a pleasant room it was, with its pretty pictures on the wall, its easy chairs, and a rose in the south window with its one crimson, half-opened bud, that would surely greet Helen to-morrow, a full bloom rose, in honor of her fifteenth birthday.

In a few moments the door, which stood ajar, was opened gently. Then some one entered, and going up to the bed, bent over the little figure that lay curled up so disconsolately, the very picture of despair.

'What is it, deary?' And a soft hand brushed back the brown curls from the flushed face. 'What is it; tell Auntie, won't you?'

The tears came faster as Helen tried to speak. Then she sprang up, and nestled in Auntie's arms—her sure refuge in trouble.

'Why, you see, Auntie, it is just this,' she explained as the tears ceased to flow; 'Nellie Stewart is to give a party next week, and I am invited. Each boy is expected to escort some girl, and Will Howard asked me to go with him. I promised him, Auntie, and now, after coaxing, mamma says I may go this once, but she says she does not wish me to accept any escort but that of my brothers. Oh! Auntie, it is so mortifying! I know just how the girls will all laugh at me, call me Miss Prude, and tell me I am tied to my mother's apron string. Other girls can go, and I don't see why I can't,' and the tears again began to flow.

'Do you love your mother, Helen?'

'Why, of course, Auntie! What a question!'

'Do you think she loves you?'

'I know she does, Auntie.'

'Well, then, seeing she loves you, don't you think you can trust her to do what is best for her little girl?'

'Why—yes, I suppose so, of course—but, Auntie, I am fifteen years old to-morrow,—don't you think I am old enough to be trusted?' and she drew herself up with an air of dignity that made Auntie smile, as she patted the soft cheek. 'We'll talk about that later on. What else, dear?'

Helen looked at her aunt in astonishment. 'Oh, Auntie, isn't that enough? I can't bear to be laughed at, as I know I shall be when the girls find it out. They will tease me unmercifully. I wish mamma were not so old fashioned!'

Auntie sat in silence a moment, then said, 'Listen, dear, while I tell you a story. When I was your age I attended a high school in a town ten miles from my home. I was a light-hearted girl, ready for fun and frolic, and invited to all the merry-makings, never lacking an invitation from some boy friend to be his partner on such occasions. But I was blessed with an old-fashioned mother'—here Helen looked up with a surprised expression on her tear-wet face—'and I was not allowed to accept. My mother knew that a girl of fifteen ought to be thinking of her studies, and while a party, occasionally, was not forbidden, I went under the escort of my brother, who was attending the same school. I thought it very hard that a young lady should not be supposed to be old enough for gentlemen company. But my mother made me understand that there was to be no question of her authority, so I made the best of what I thought very hard treatment.

'Lucy Avery was my dearest chum, and many were the secrets, the rose-colored plans, we confided to each other, as we walked together, arm in arm.

'Poor Lucy! How I used to envy her, as I saw her arrayed for some frolic, waiting for some boy of the village to escort her. This, I thought, was true freedom, and I had many unkind thoughts of my dear mother, as I thought of Mrs. Avery, who always allowed Lucy so much liberty. "Why," Lucy would say, "my mother thinks I am old enough to take care of myself. Don't you wish your mother were not so old-fashioned? with a pitying look on her fair face, as she thought of my hardship.

'One morning I missed my chum from her accustomed place, and all day long I felt uneasy, for Lucy was very seldom absent from her class, as she had too much of what she called "fun" at school, to miss any of it voluntarily. As soon as I was free I hastened to Lucy's home to find out the reason of her absence.

'As I entered the house I heard weeping, and in a moment Mrs. Avery met me, sobbing as if her heart was broken. "Oh, Helen, Lucy has gone, Lucy has gone!"

'Then she told me the story. Lucy had attended a party the night before with Ned Weston, a handsome, dissolute young fellow, and had failed to return. In the morning the mother found a note tucked behind the mirror in her daughter's room, saying she was going away with Ned, and that they need not look for her. "Oh," she said, "if only Lucy had been like you. I thought I could trust her," moaning and wringing her hands. I thought how little I deserved the credit given to me. Ah! that belonged to my dear, wise, old-fashioned mother, who knew what was best for me.

'Lucy was found in a hospital in a distant city, suffering from brain fever. She had been deserted by the man she had trusted. When she was able to be moved, she was taken back to the home she had left such a short time before, glad, oh! so glad to be once more in her own little room. But she never forgot that lesson—burned, as it seemed, into heart and brain.'

How still the room was; for several minutes after the story ended neither spoke. And then Auntie, softly patting the warm little hand folded in her own, said gently, 'Dearie, are you not glad you have an old-fashioned mother?'

As Helen's murmured 'Yes,' reached her, Auntie continued, 'Don't you think it would be nice to go right now and tell dear mother that you are glad, and that you will trust to her years and experience to guide her little girl until she can see with a clearer vision for herself?'

Helen gave Auntie a hug, and then leaving her aunt, went quickly down the stairs in search of her mother. She soon found her, and whispered something in her ear, with her warm arms around her neck. I shall not tell you what it was, but the mother kissed the red lips, saying softly,—'Thank you, darling, and may God bless and watch over you, my dear little girl.'

The Sculptor's Vision.

(Edith Virginia Bradt, in 'Wellspring.')

'So common are my tasks,' I said;
But as I spoke complainingly,
A quaint old legend I had read
Came back to me.

A sculptor,—runs the story sweet,—
Sought marble without flaw or stain,
And tools for his high purpose meet;
But sought in vain.

In every clime, in every land,
He sought, but naught he found sufficed;
For he would carve, with reverent hand,
The head of Christ.

No marble pure enough he found;
And worn, and spent, and spirit sore,
He gave the weary, toilsome round
Of journeying o'er.

Sadly he bowed in contrite prayer;
'O Lord of love, forgive,' he cried;
And lo! a vision passing fair
Stood by his side.

'Look up, dear heart, be comforted,'
The voice was strangely low and sweet,
'Thou needest not to carve my head,
'Tis far more meet.

'That thou shouldst shape thy life by mine,
And in thy daily ministry
That thou shouldst show my life in thine
Continually.

'Count no task common, if to me
Thou render it with willing heart;
True ministry I hold to be
Life's noblest art.'

The vision passed; with holy aim
Upon his life the sculptor wrought,
Which like unto his Lord's became,
With service fraught.

'Tis but a legend, but it taught z
This lesson passing sweet to me:
No service which for Christ is wrought
Can common be.

It is simply outrageous, says the 'Morning Star' of Boston, that the managing director of the great Dukes tobacco trust, that is ruining young people at wholesale through its cigarette business, should have been made a vice-president of the international Sunday-school convention. The convention is responsible for electing him, but that he should continue to hold both offices is the climax of inconsistency. The saloon and the cigarette factory are twin evils that all right-thinking people should unite to oppose. Certainly the Sunday-school cannot afford to honor the representative of either of those evils.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let the Father do what He will:
Just to know that He is true and be still:
Just to follow hour by hour as He leadeth,
Just to draw the moment's power as it needeth:
Just to trust Him, this is all. Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall, bright and blessed, clean and free.
Just to ask Him what to do all the day,
And to make you quick and true to obey.
Just to know the needed grace He bestoweth
Every bar of time and space overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight from the Master's own command.
Blessed day, when thus we wait, always at our Sovereign's hand.
Just to recollect His love, always true;
Always shining from above, always new.
Just to recognize its light, all-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might, all-upholding;
Just to know it as thine own, that no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone for the gladness of the day?
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Only One Brick on Another.

Edwin was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, 'Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?'

'No,' said Edwin, smiling; 'but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another.'

'Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

'Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labors. The greatest labor becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of that great building is only one brick upon another.'
—'Children's Messenger.'

Who's 'Fraid?

'I ain't 'fraid o' nothin',' said Tommy one day,
As he walked to school beside Rose;
'I ain't skeerd o' lions, nor tigers, nor bears,

AS HE WALKED TO SCHOOL BESIDE ROSE.

Nor elephants, nor nothin' that grows.

'If I wuz to meet a big lion in the road.
Or a wildcat with claws longer'n nails.
I'd git in front o' you and hit him 'ker-whack'
With one o' these here fence rails.'

'My goodness!' said Rose, 'but ain't you brave?
You're braver'n most men, I fink.
I would'nt be 'fraid wif you in the dark,
Not even 'twas blacker 'en ink.'

'O! dear! what's zat?' cried Rose in alarm
As a white thing in front gave a leap;
But Tom dropped his books and ran hard as he could,
And Rose saw 'twas only a sheep.
—Daisy Griffiths, in 'Exchange.'

Janie's Meddling.

(Emma S. Arheart, in 'Christian Standard.')

'Sew your seam, Janie, and then you can go and play. Why, what an idle girl! Only half done!'

The mother turned from the pouting little girl, and set the spinning-wheel whirling. Its pleasant buzzing filled the low rooms of the comfortable cabin, and when the buzzing stopped, as the mother reversed the wheel and wound the thread on the spindle, the sound of boyish voices came through the small open windows. Janie knew what a good time her brothers were having, and longed to be with them, but their tasks were done, and she had trifled over hers.

'I hate sewing,' she said; 'I'd rather spin.'

'You'll get enough of spinning when you get older,' replied the mother, fastening another soft, white roll of wool to the end of her thread. How was she to guess that by the time Janie should have become a woman, strong machinery would have taken this task from woman's hands?

Perhaps Janie had some prophetic fear of it, for she always fairly tingled to get at the wheel, and sometimes said, moodily:

'Oh, I'll never get to spin, I know.'

She had just taken up her sewing again, when there was a footstep at the threshold, and a tap at the open door. Auntie Payne stood there, her sunbonnet thrown back from her round, flushed face.

'My, what a hot day!' she exclaimed, as she came in. 'No; I haven't time to sit down. You said you had green beans going to waste, so I thought I'd run over and get some.'

The two women went out to the garden, and Janie was left alone with the wheel. Oh, if she only could! She bent her eyes upon her work again, but it just seemed as if they would not stay. They would

keep glancing longingly at the wheel.

Perhaps she did not struggle very earnestly against the temptation. Anyway, she dropped her sewing in a moment, and tip-toed softly across the floor, as if fearing that her mother would hear even the tread of her bare little feet. She knew how to turn the wheel with the wooden pin; she had been allowed to play with it sometimes when there was no yarn upon it, but was told not to meddle with it when it was in use.

Through the window Janie saw her mother and Auntie Payne away at the far end of the garden. They could hardly hear the loudest buzzing of the wheel from there, Janie thought, and began turning it, very gently at first, and then faster. Nearly an entire roll dangled at the point of the full spindle. Janie took hold of the roll and stretched it. Oh, yes, she knew how. Hadn't she seen mother do it a thousand times?

But, instead of drawing out into a fine, twisted thread, the roll broke off.

'Never mind! That happens to mother sometimes,' she thought.

She pinched the broken ends together, as mother did, and turned the wheels to twist them into one, but it broke again, one end flying round the spindle, and the other dropping on the floor as she caught the wheel with both hands to stop it. Three or four times she essayed to piece the broken roll, only to break it anew.

'That's a bad, rotten one,' she said. 'I'll try a new one.'

So she took one from the heap lying on the bench of the wheel, and never noticed that she had pulled down the entire bunch until she found herself walking through it. Now the wool rolls were tender, clinging things. They wrapped around Janie's ankles, and caught between her toes. And they broke—oh, how they broke up into short pieces! Then the irregular jerking of the wheel threw off the band; the spindle whirled around the faster, and the yarn on it began to slip off the end in a tangle.

'What will mother say?' exclaimed Janie, kicking the wool off her feet into a wad. Then she caught sight of the kitten on the lounge, and a plan flashed through her mind.

Mother and Auntie Payne were coming up the garden. She saw them looking at the ripening currants and the young cabbages. They would be in soon. Janie caught up the sleeping kitten, and dumped it into the heap of wool. She tickled its nose with the ends till it began to play; she unwound a length of yarn from the spindle, and set the kitten jumping to reach it. It could hardly make further havoc, but it would bear the blame of her fault. Carefully folding her sewing as if it were finished, Janie laid it in a drawer, and slipped out of the front door.

Her brothers were building a dam across the little stream beyond the barn, and Janie hastened to join them. She loved to build dams much better than to sew. Kittie got her ears boxed when the mother came in and found her frolicking in the rolls.

'Why, where's Janie?' asked Auntie Payne, who had come in to look at the mother's new patchwork pattern. The mother glanced into the partly open drawer and replied:

'I see her work here. She went to play as soon as she finished it, I suppose.'

So Janie's plan seemed to be working just as she wished, but oh, how mean and miserable she felt when mother told about the kitten tangling the wool! She could hardly sleep for thinking of it, and there was that other deceit about the sewing. She finished that next morning, out under the lilac, while her mother was busy in the kitchen, but somehow that did not comfort her. When mother got to the spinning again, the very buzz of the wheel seemed to say:

'What a bad, bad girl! She didn't mind her mother—she didn't mind her mother—and she acted a lie—lie—lie!'

Janie felt as if she could not bear it, and yet she could not make up her mind to confess her fault. Some errand called the mother away presently, and she said:

'Do watch the kitten, Janie. I don't want my rolls tangled and wasted again.'

'It wasn't the kittie's fault, mamma; I did it,' cried Janie, her heart too full to hold the dreadful secret any longer. Mamma listened with a grave face as with tears and sobs Janie told the whole story; but she forgave her little girl, as mothers will, you know, and Janie promised never to disobey or deceive again.—'Christian Standard.'

Keep Sweet.

Suppose a world of troubles do
Annoy you day by day;
Suppose that friends considered true
Your trust in them betray;
And rocks may bruise and thorns may tear
Your worn and weary feet,
And every day you meet a snare—
Keep sweet.

Suppose you have not each desire
That forms within your minds;
And earth denies you half your hire,
And heaven seems quite unkind;
And you have not the best to wear,
Nor yet the best to eat;
You seem to have the meanest fare—
Keep sweet.

A sour heart will make things worse
And harder still to bear.
A merry heart destroys the curse
And makes the heavens fair,
So I advise, whate'er your case—
Whatever you may meet,
Dwell on the good--forget the base—
Keep sweet.

—'Waif.'

Who?

There is a little girl,
A happy little girl,
And everybody seems to love her well.
If you would like to know,
Why they all love her so,
I think I can the pretty secret tell.

It is because she's kind,
And quick to hear and mind,
Her daily tasks she seldom does forget,
She's pleasing in her ways,
She's tender in her plays,
Not often does she sulk or frown or fret.

Who is this little girl,
This loving little girl,
With face so smiling and with heart so true,
Who is, as I've been told,
Quite worth her weight in gold?
Sweet, winsome little maiden, is it YOU?

—Emma B. Dunham in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 25.

Review.

Golden Text.

The Lord is merciful and gracious. Psalm ciii., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 19.—I. Kings xii., 12-20.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—I. Kings xii., 25-33.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.—II. Chron. xix., 1-11.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—I. Kings xvii., 1-16.

Friday, Sept. 23.—I. Kings xviii., 30-46.

Saturday, Sept. 24.—I. Kings xix., 1-18.

Sunday, Sept. 25.—Amos v., 4-15.

WHAT IS A REVIEW?

When a certain thing has to be done at stated intervals it is very apt to become a monotonous performance, carried out solely because it is on the programme. The reviews of the Sunday-school lessons come every three months, and, in order to have everything on its appointed date, are carried out, whether they are dull or interesting, dreaded by the teacher or looked forward to in anticipation of a profitable hour.

Several objects in a review suggest themselves after a moment's thought. Let us set down a few: you may think of others. The purpose of a review is:

To fix the lessons of the quarter more firmly in mind.

To teach the lessons of the whole quarter as one, so that their connection may be very clearly shown.

To bring out the leading facts.

To correct errors and point out new truths.

To discover what the scholars have gained from the quarter's work.

A review, then, is a final lesson on the subjects that have been considered. It is also a means of discovering what the scholars are getting out of their Sunday-school work.

The review is not to be prepared for in the usual time we give each week to the lesson. It represents the work of three months. One student of Sunday-school work, M. C. Hazard, says, 'A review is like an apple—it takes three months to ripen.'

WAYS OF CONDUCTING A REVIEW.

With primary classes means adapted to the minds of children will suggest themselves, but we are here dealing with the review as conducted for older scholars.

Without doubt the very best sort of review is the written.

1. One of the best ways to fix what we know about a subject is to write it in our own words.

2. A written statement tends to encourage systematic arrangement of one's ideas on a subject.

3. The written review recalls the written examination of the public schools, and so adds to the importance of the work, as the scholar looks at it.

4. The scholar discovers the weak points of his preparation during the quarter when he endeavors to 'set down in black and white' what he has learned.

A blackboard review serves to make the main points of the three months' work vivid. When the matter put on the board is the result of questions asked the school, as it should be, it becomes a sort of written review for the whole school as a body, but cannot take the place of the individual written review.

Then there is the review by questions and answers. But asking questions is an art. It is one thing to ask a hit-or-miss lot of questions, half of which perhaps suggest their answers, and it is quite another thing to ask questions according to some systematic plan in the reviewer's mind, a plan that has been carefully wrought out beforehand. Skilful questioning is one of the most effective means of teaching, but is not an ability acquired in a moment. Of what good are such questions as these in provoking thought and study? 'Was Elijah a good man?' 'Was Ahab a bad man?' 'What did Jezebel want to do to Elijah?' 'Did Elijah ever go to Mt. Sinai?'

It requires nothing but the most superficial knowledge to answer any of the above. Shrewd guess work would serve the scholar's purpose in the case of half the questions of this kind.

But suppose a school is asked some such questions as this: 'What important national event was the result of a young man's listening to foolish counsel?' Such a question cannot be answered by guess. The scholar must have some knowledge of the lesson of July 3, wherein is the account of Rehoboam following the advice of his young men, and thereby so offending the people that the nation was divided. The scholar must do some thinking in answering a question put in this way. He cannot merely take a chance between 'Yes,' and 'No,' nor does the question suggest the proper answer.

Again, 'How was the religion of the ten tribes affected by the division of the kingdom?' Here a knowledge of Jeroboam's attempt to prevent his subjects from uniting in worship with Judah must be in the scholar's possession before any intelligent answer is possible.

SUBJECTS FOR REVIEW.

You have noticed that, as a rule, each separate lesson hinges on some leading fact in the career of the children of Israel. While not rigidly confined to these, the review should so deal with the subject matter of the quarter as to bring out prominently these important points. While occasionally some detail may be added or dwelt upon to advantage, the leading points, the mountain peaks, the main channels, the chief highways, of the quarter's lessons are the essential things.

The lessons may and should be considered with different purposes in view, and the reviewer must keep these in mind.

1. The historical study of the lessons deals with chief events in order, the dates on which they occurred, their causes and effects, etc.

2. The topical study would take up various general subjects illustrated in the lessons. For instance, 'The Nature of Idolatry,' 'Godliness and Material Prosperity,' 'God's Care of his Servants.'

3. The biographical study would take up the great characters and follow out their careers. Elijah, Ahab, Jezebel, Obadiah, Elisha, Asa, etc., furnish examples from the past quarter.

Applications of a spiritual and moral character should not be mere formal remarks at the end of the lesson or review, but such teaching should rather be skilfully interwoven with the other points covered.

For preparing your review questions, if you are a teacher, and for studying the quarter's lessons, if a scholar, we would make these suggestions:

From the historical view-point, keep in mind the character of the people and the times you study, noting the chief events, and their dates, and the influences that most deeply affected men.

The biographical study should fix in mind the names, characters, and important deeds of the men who stand out prominently in sacred history.

The topical study perhaps comes nearest to our own individual lives, as it takes up the tendencies of human nature, our relation to God, his dealings with men of all kinds. Hence the opportunity to enforce truth is favored by topical study and questions derived from it.

We do not, of course, mean that the lesson is to be gone over three or more times with these various ideas in view, one at a time. The thought is to keep these various purposes in mind, and to carry out all of them, as the character of the class or the needs of the individuals suggest.

Next week we begin a new quarter, the lesson for October 2 being, 'Elisha Succeeds Elijah.' II. Kings ii., 12-22.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 25.—Topic—Cheering facts about missions in Japan and Corea. Zech. xiv., 3-9, 20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JOSEPH AND HIS FATHER.

Monday, Sept. 19.—A message to his father. Gen. xlv., 1-13.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Sending for his father. Gen. xlv., 14-22.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.—A present for his father. Gen. xlv., 23.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—The brothers' return. Gen. xlv., 24-28.

Friday, Sept. 23.—The father's journey. Gen. xlvi., 1-7.

Saturday, Sept. 24.—Meeting his father. Gen. xlvi., 26-34.

Sunday, Sept. 25.—Topic—How Joseph honored his father. Gen. xlvii., 7-12.

That Class of Girls.

(Marion Thorne, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

Those careless, indifferent, giggling girls from fourteen to sixteen years old, over there in the corner class in the mission school—how are you going to teach them?

Don't always teach them in just the same way. Change and variety are needed in the Sunday-school just as much as anywhere else. If you invariably begin your teaching in one way, those girls will know just what to expect, and even if at first they like your method, they will weary of it by and by.

Don't let the bright girl answer all of the questions. If she will insist upon talking, surprise her some day by making her ask questions instead of answering them. And don't let the dull girl always sit silent. However dull she may be, there must be some subject that she knows something about. Find out what that subject is, if it takes you six months to do it, for when you do discover it you can get her to talking, and when she finds herself able to speak well on one subject, she will be encouraged to venture a remark on some other.

Don't always go round the class in regular order with your questions. Skip about. Ask the same question of several scholars, and compare the answers.

Pick out the practical lesson to be taught and tell them how somebody that you know, or know of, tried to apply that special bit of truth in his daily life, and failed or succeeded as the case may be. Better yet, if you can tell them how you yourself have tried.

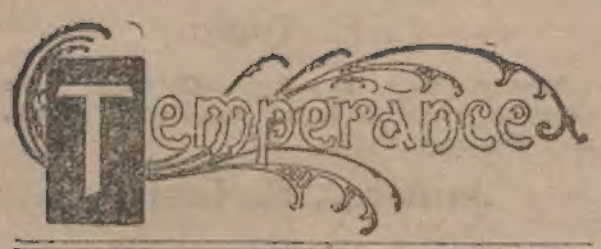
Visit them often, so that you may know all about their home life and home influences. Find out who is dearest to their young hearts. If it is mother or father, wee baby sister, or dear feeble grandma, 'make a note of it,' and don't fail to inquire for that one of the household, if you forget all the others.

Heart-Keeping.

'Keep your heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life,' Prov. iv., 23.

Keep the heart by pre occupying it with holy thoughts, heavenly thoughts. Let the imagination find food in the infinitely precious verities of the truth of God, let its pictures be images of all that is lovely and of good report. Think of God, his omniscience, his eternity, his holiness; think of Christ, his purity and his friendship; think of the struggles, of the triumphs, of all the faithful people of God; think of the spotlessness of heaven and the white robes of the redeemed; think of the worth of an undefiled soul.

Oh, keep the heart by vigilance. Fortify its every approach. Set faithful servants at every entrance. Keep it by prayer—on your knees wrestling for victory. Keep it by communings with God. Keep it by holy meditations, by the sympathy with all the good, living or dead. Keep it, above all, by committing it to the keeping of God—let the Holy Ghost abide within. Consecrate it to God; he only can keep it, make it a holy temple, fit for his indwelling.—Bishop Geo. D. Cummins, D.D.



To Treat Inebriates.

A proposal is on foot in the city of Toronto for the formation of a society for the promotion of medical treatment of indigent inebriates. It was inaugurated at a meeting held at the residence of Dr. Oldright, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

1. That it is much to be deplored that up to the present time no provision has been made in this Province either by the Government or by the municipalities for promoting the treatment of indigent inebriates; that the general custom of committing these unfortunates to jail is neither deterrent nor reformatory; it is degrading and bad economy, and in cases where the inebriety is a disease it is inhuman.

2. That we deplore the fact that the members of the Ontario Government have not been able to see their way clear either for the introduction of the proposed bill for the economic treatment of indigent inebriates or for the adoption in this Province of the probation system for first offenders either as delinquents or as drunkards—a system that is both reformatory and economical, and which saves from jail stigma and contamination.

3. That realizing as we do that some action should be taken in this important matter without further delay, we recommend that the necessary steps be taken for the formation of a society for the promoting the reformation of inebriates, but that before an appeal is made to the public for financial aid it is recommended that an effort be made to secure to the movement the commendation of prominent citizens.—'Pioneer.'

Teetotalers the Best Workers.

Dr. J. B. Nevins (eminent as a statistician), at a meeting in Liverpool recently having prefaced his remarks by saying he was not a teetotaler, gave some convincing statistics. He said he was preparing a lecture for medical students, and in order that he might have some reliable evidence he visited a number of places where men were engaged in laborious work, as he wanted to know if men who took beer could do harder work than those who abstained. First he went to Vauxhall Foundry, and asked a foreman and also some of the men 'Does the man do his work better or as well if he has a glass of beer for dinner?' and the answer was, 'If we have a very heavy job to be done the first hour after dinner, the men who can do it best are those who have not tasted intoxicants.' He then went to the Manchester Ship Canal and saw the navvies at work. 'What is your experience,' he said to the overlooker, 'about the men who take even a single glass of beer or the men who take none?' and received the reply, 'I would rather a great deal have a gang of teetotalers working for me than a gang of men who take even a little beer.' He then turned his attention to men who did not only hard but most disagreeable work, which must be done against time. He went to the docks to see the men who load the mud-hoppers. They were working in an almost naked condition. He asked the head man, 'Do these men drink?' the reply being, 'They don't take one drop of drink when at work, for if they did they could not do it in the given time; and a more reliable set of men could not be found.'

Catholic Total Abstinence.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has added 4,200 to its membership during the past year. The most remarkable feature is the work done by Father Siebenfoercher in the seminaries of the country. During the past year, in a large number of seminaries, he presented to the young Levites the principles on which the total abstinence cause rests, and enlisted in the service of this cause many hundreds of ecclesiastical students. This movement has now become thoroughly established. This year it has issued in the organization of a Sacerdotal Total Abstinence League.

There is a like movement on foot in Ireland. A vigorous propaganda is carried on in Maynooth, and already the Father Mathew's Union numbers over two hundred members, representing sixteen dioceses. Fifty young priests left Maynooth within the past two years promising a life service in the total abstinence cause, and at least three hundred are to follow in the next few years.

The Drunkard's Raggit Wean

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' through the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain;
Wha's the puir wee callan? he's the drunkard's raggit wean.

He stans at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistfil' e'e,
To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' laughin' loud wi' glee,
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be e'er sae fain,
For he maunsa play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's droukit through and through,
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers whaur she's gane,
But oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's the faither's lip 'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips 'll stain,
For oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parent's care, their puir wee raggit wean.

—'Acton Free Press.'

Dowry of a Bride.

A marriage recently celebrated at Partick, Glasgow, has a curious story attached to it. The bride's father and mother, who have been abstainers for over twenty years, gave as a marriage dowry to their daughter the sum of £120. Every week since they became total abstainers the amount formerly spent in alcoholic liquor was banked for the little one who caused her parents to take the pledge. The little girl had seen her father slightly inebriated, and reproved him for it the next day. The parents have eschewed drink ever since, with the above result.—'Temperance Leader.'

Two Voices on the Drink.

Our national sin and disgrace is our national drunkenness, and the Right Hon. John Bright spoke true words when he said that were our drinking customs abolished our country would be so changed for the better that none would know it. Then listen to the late Earl of Derby in his impressive utterance at Rochdale—'All reforms are akin, but of all reforms that lie ready to your hand, the temperance reform is the most urgent, the most practical, and the greatest in its social as well as its personal results.—'The Temperance Leader.'

A Novel Cure.

The Vicar of Woodburn, near Morpeth, writing on drunkenness in his parish magazine, says: 'We have no teetotal society in connection with this parish church. Nor is there any attempt to coax or cajole people into soberness by concerts, speeches, or hymns. A better plan than all these weak devices is for a man who has a drunken neighbor to thrash him as being a scandal to the neighborhood, and to thrash anyone in the home who drinks immoderately.

'If the church were united, do you think we would have our nations blighted as they are to-day by the drink traffic? What is the church doing? She is guiltily silent and guiltily inactive. Individuals are at work, but the church has never yet risen in the majesty of her possibilities and gripped the question. It is her duty to do it.'—The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide.'
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Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

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The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 3, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Primate's Visit to America, from an English Point of View—The 'Times,' London.
War Methods and Sieges—The New York 'Tribune.'
The All-Important Russian Minister—The 'World,' London.
The Czarevitch Christened—Manifesto of the Czar—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Czarevitch and His Predecessors—The Laws of Succession to the Muscovite Crown—The New York 'Tribune.'
The Case for Finland—R. W. Seton-Watson, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Judge Parker's Position as to the Philippines—The New York 'World.'
Roosevelt Warmly Defended by the Secretary of War—American Papers.
Capture of Lhasa—The 'Spectator,' London.
Egypt's Destiny—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New Life of Brahms—By Ernest Newman, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Features of Furnishing—A 'Bachelor-Maid's' Flat—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Man He Killed—Poem, by Thomas Hardy.
The Reign of the Muse—Sonnet, by William Watson, in the 'Metropolitan Magazine.'
The Books of the Season—For Holiday Reading—C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Municipal Election, A. D. 79—The 'Spectator,' London.
A New Indian: What Shall We Do With It?—By Sir W. Wedderburn, in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Instinct of Prayer—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

British Association at Cambridge—Mr. Balfour's Presidential Address on the Electric Theory of Matter—The 'Standard,' London.
Railway Speeds Here and in Europe—The 'Scientific American.'
The September Heavens—The New York 'Times.'
A Ghetto Globe Maker—Curious Occupation of a Dweller on New York's East Side—The New York 'Post.'
Chronometers on Ice—How Uncle Sam Regulates their Time at Washington—The Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
Height of Thunder Clouds—The Philadelphia 'Inquirer.'
Science Notes.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

SEPTEMBER.

1.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Matt. vi., 33.

2.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth. John vi.,63.

3.

The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. John vi., 63.

4.

Be filled with the Spirit. Eph. v., 18.
Hilda B. Suddard (13).

5.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. Col. iii., 16.

6.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. II. Cor. iii., 17.
Bertha Marria Akesson (13).

7.

Thou gavest also thy good Spirit to instruct them. Neh. ix., 20.

8.

Renew a right Spirit within me. Ps. li., 10.

9.

Hereby know we that we dwell in him because he hath given us of his Spirit. I. John iv., 13.
Gleason M. McCullough (9).

10.

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. I. John iv., 16.

11.

As he is so are we in this world. I. John iv., 17.

12.

He that hath the Son hath life. I. John, v., 12.
Verna S.

13.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. I. John v., 4.

14.

He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. I. Cor. vi., 17.

15.

God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. John iv., 24.

16.

Beloved believe not every spirit. I. John iv., 1.

17.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Matt. vii., 20.

18.

The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth. Eph. v., 9.
Ella Corbett. Clara M. R. (11).

19.

The Word of God which effectually worketh also in you that believe. Thess. ii., 9.
Fernie Frankline.

20.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. I. Sam. iii, 9.

21.

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. John ii., 5.

22.

Adorn the Gospel of God our Saviour. Titus ii., 10.

23.

Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel. Phil. i., 27.
Nellie Idle.

24.

Let no man despise thy youth. I. Tim. iv., 12.

25.

Doing nothing by partiality. I. Tim. v., 21.
Ada P.

26.

Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Ps. xix., 12.

27.

That which I see not teach thou me. Job xxxiv., 32.

28.

In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx., 15.
Myrtle Morrison.

29.

It is good for me to draw near to God. Ps. lxxiii., 28.

30.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii., 25.

MacPherson's Mills,
Pictou County, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I get the reading of the 'Messenger' from a friend, I thought I would write you a letter. I used to be a subscriber, but my subscription having expired, I did not renew it, but intend to soon by securing two subscribers, and I will get the paper for a year. I got five before, and obtained a nice Bible. You will hear from me again when I get the subscribers.

ANNIE K. C.

Latimer, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have only seen one letter from Latimer, I thought I would write one. Latimer is not very large, and has one church, a public school and a post-office. We are expecting to have a factory soon. The schoolhouse, church and cemetery are all on our farm, and if the factory is built, it also is going to be built on our farm, I think. Our farm consists of one hundred and sixty acres. Our house is built of brick, and it is quite large. There is a lawn, and all around the lawn maple trees are planted. There is often a lawn social held on our lawn and an enjoyable time is spent playing games, etc. I have four sisters and three brothers. I am the next to youngest in the family. The youngest is six years old. I am eleven years old, and I passed the entrance this year, so I will go to collegiate or high school after the holidays. We have twenty-two cows, five horses and two colts. Also forty-seven pigs. I have a sister who is a trained nurse in New York; another teaches school, and the youngest goes to the public school. Two of my brothers stay at home and help work the farm. The other one is going to the business college after the holidays, I think.

MAY T.

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the stories of the 'Messenger' very much. I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on May 14. I go to school, and am in the sixth reader. I am going to tell you about the Sunday-school picnic we had recently. It was held at Crystal Lake shore, in a pretty little grove. We went for two boat rides after dinner. We had two large swings put up, and we had ice-cream and lemonade, and altogether we had a very nice time. I have no pets excepting one very large cat, which we call Captain Parry. He weighs twelve pounds, and is a very pretty cat. I have one sister, but no brothers. I am studying French. I like to read so well, that mamma says I am a bookworm. We live about one mile from the village of Fitch Bay. It is a very pretty place.

NELLIE R.

Falkland Ridge,
Annapolis Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. He was very much pleased with the Bagster Bible he received for getting four subscribers. I live in a very pretty small country place quite near the church and schoolhouse. I am in the eighth grade. For pets I have a pair of pigeons named Dick and Daisy, and a white cat named Frisky. I like reading books. I have read all the Elsie Books, the Bessie Books and the Pansy Books. My birthday is on January 5.

MYRNA O. S.

Falkland Ridge,
Annapolis Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have read so many interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' that I decided to write also. I enjoy reading the Editor's letters very much; also the Boys' and Girls' Page. There is only one church on Falkland Ridge, and that is the Baptist. My favorite books are the Elsie Books. I wish to join your Royal League of Kindness. I will close for this time. Wishing the members of the Royal League of Kindness every success,

EMILIE A. S. (aged 14).

(Will Myra H. please write and oblige Emilie A. S.—Ed. Cor.)

Lochalsh, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Lochalsh, I thought I had better write, for fear you did not know there was such a place. If any of your readers chance to come this way, they will find it is a beautiful place. We have two fine country stores and two fine storekeepers. I came to Lochalsh when I was seven years old, and I am eleven years old now. My papa and mamma are both dead, and I am living with some of my cousins now. The schoolhouse is on our farm, and my uncle is the teacher. I expect to try entrance next year. This is a Scotch settlement, with a few good Irishmen in it. I cannot tell you all about this wonderful Lochalsh this time, but I will write again. I received the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present, and I like it very well.

T. C. McL.

Cardinal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I have two sisters and four brothers. I am twelve years old. I am in the senior fourth class at school. I like to go to school. My weight is 138 pounds. My oldest sister teaches school. I have seen lots of boats this summer. I live in the village, and my father is the collector of canal tolls, so I spend some days with him watching the boats.

SUSIE W.

Brooklyn St.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old, and I am in the third grade. I have one brother, but no sisters. I have a dog and a bird, and also a kitten. I have two miles to go to the school, and I like my teacher very much, and also my seat mate. I have an organ, and I am taking music lessons. I am on the first quarter. I like my music teacher very much.

VERA B. R.

Dear Editor,—As I would like to see my letter in print, I thought I would write. I am eight and a half years old. I have one little brother named William McKee and one baby-sister dead. This is the first year I have taken the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much, especially the Correspondence and the Little Folks' Page. Last year was my first year in school. I am in the third reader. My birthday is on November 13.

FRANCES M. S.

Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. We get it every Sunday at the Baptist Sunday-school. I am a little boy eight years old, and I live on a farm with grandfather and grandmother. We have ten Jersey cows and four calves.

HARRY D.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

Eat Slowly.

The opinion that hurry in eating is a prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded on common observation. The ills resulting from bolting food have been attributed to the lack of thorough mastication, and to the incomplete action of the saliva upon the food. Two-thirds of the food which we eat is starch, and starch can not be utilized in the system as food until it has been converted into sugar and this change is principally effected by the saliva. But there is a third reason why rapidity of eating interferes with digestion. The presence of the salivary secretion in the stomach acts as a stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice. Irrespective of the mechanical function of the teeth, food which goes into the stomach incompletely mingled with saliva passes slowly and imperfectly through the process of stomach digestion. Therefore, as a sanitary maxim of no mean value, teach the children to eat slowly; and in giving this instruction by example, the teacher, as well as the pupil, may receive benefit.—Selected.

A Pillar of Strength.

Do you realize, my dear readers, what a pillar of strength and what a daily blessing good eye-sight is? Very few people care for their eyes properly, and it is only when failing sight warns us of the danger, that we realize the injury we are doing them. When for any reason the eyes become weak and inflamed, the lids red and swollen, dissolve a teaspoonful of boracic acid in a cupful of warm water, and bathe them in it every two hours during the day. Noted oculists use this remedy and say it is harmless and reliable and safe. When the lids become red and swollen, put a few drops of this boracic acid solution in the eyes with a dropper, and open and close them rapidly, so as it will reach all the affected parts.

One should be very careful not to use strong or dangerous drugs in the eyes, for they have been known to do permanent injury. I have found such quick relief from this simple wash, that I felt like I might do good with it, especially with young mothers who live in the country and have to rely upon themselves oftentimes. Let such mothers fortify themselves with such safe, helpful remedies as boracic acid, for children so often have weak eyes from cold, and this is also good to gargle and to snuff up the nostrils for catarrhal colds. It gives almost instant relief, and for the eyes there is nothing so good.—'The Living Church.'

Household Hints.

To keep silver bright, plunge it into hot borax water occasionally; let it stand for an hour or two, then rinse with clear, hot water, and wipe dry.

When buying a broom, test it by pressing the edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend, the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a solid, firm mass.

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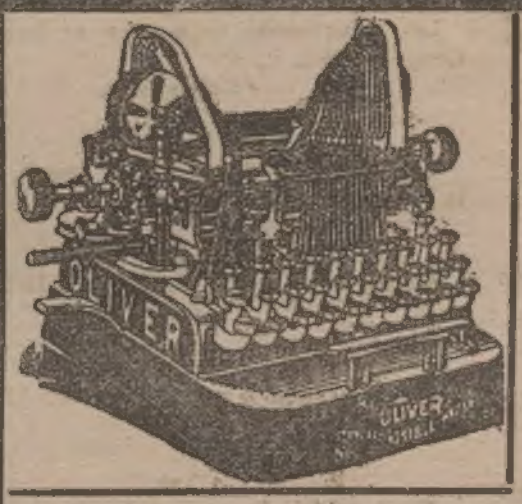

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